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HARMONIÆ CÆLESTES,

OR

Christian Melodies:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY GEORGE BETTNER, M. D.

*All truth is precious, if not all divine,
And what dilates the powers, must needs refine.*

COWPER.

NEW-YORK—M'ELRATH, BANGS & Co.

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TO
WASHINGTON IRVING, L.L.D.

THIS
VOLUME OF POEMS,

IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THESE effusions are the fruit of leisure hours, which, if not thus employed, might have passed away in unprofitable idleness or ease. The utmost that can be expected in regard to them is, that with the reader, they may beguile some pensive moments, as they did with the writer while he was composing them.

Unable to hope either for fame or favour, the author would not willingly expose himself to censure. The belief is however entertained, that the innocent tendency of the work, may be alleged in vindication of the correct intentions which led to its publication. The Melodies are made up of detached pieces ; yet the plan which has been kept in view, and which embraces the component parts together as a whole, will be readily perceived.

It may be said, that we have already a sufficiency of melodies, "Amatory," "Sacred," "Hebrew," "Pastoral," and even "Indian Melodies." But, perhaps, it will not

prove a violation of taste, or inconsistent with the legitimate ends of poetry, morality, and religion, to add these Christian Melodies to the list.

To the *Harmoniæ Cælestes*, a variety of miscellaneous pieces have been subjoined.

Convinced of this truth, that poetry must be estimated entirely by its own intrinsic merit, the production, such as it is, is submitted to the candid judgment of the liberal reader.

CONTENTS.

MELODIES.

	Page
The Sentinel	13
The Weeping over Jerusalem	16
Forgive the Thoughts which Rise	18
I Marked the Fountain's Gentle Flow	21
We Sought Thee Sorrowing, oh, my Child	23
Oh, how we Dread to give to Earth	25
Never, no Never, may we Fly,	26
The Sermon on the Mount	28
The Death Watch	31
The Lonely Hour	33
The Pilgrim's Prayer	36
Esther	38
The Morning Dawn	40
Lazarus	41
Again, again, it comes again,	42

The Women at the Tomb - - - - -	Page 44
Christ stilling the Tempest - - - - -	46
The Valley of Achor - - - - -	48
The Bliss of all our Early Years - - - - -	51
Daniel's Prayer - - - - -	53
When on Life's dark returnless Shore - - - - -	56
In the shadow of Egypt they trusted in vain - - - - -	58
Shall they who part ne'er meet again - - - - -	60
On Patmos' Holy Isle - - - - -	62
The Song of the Martyrs - - - - -	64
The Spoiler came - - - - -	66
Potestas Déi - - - - -	69

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Page
Futurity - - - - -	91
To a Lady Blushing - - - - -	94
Forebodings - - - - -	95
To a Friend - - - - -	98
On Parting - - - - -	100
The Bugloss - - - - -	103
Echo to a Painter (from Ausonius) - - - - -	105
Lesbia (from the same) - - - - -	105
Lais presenting her Mirror to Venus (from the same)	106
To the Musquitoes - - - - -	107
To an absent Sister - - - - -	109
The Grave - - - - -	111
The close of Summer - - - - -	113
The Eyes and the Heart - - - - -	116
"I said I would not sigh again" - - - - -	117
Fear and Hope - - - - -	120
The Wanderer - - - - -	121
The Herald of Winter - - - - -	123

	Page
Unhappiness - - - - -	125
Isabel - - - - -	126
Ease of Manners - - - - -	128
Epigram to a Lady - - - - -	129
Fortune and Folly contending against Virtue and Wisdom - - - - -	130
L'Amour - - - - -	132
The Mariner's Wife - - - - -	133
Time and Love - - - - -	135
Youth and Age - - - - -	138
Isnardia Palustris - - - - -	140
Friendship and Love - - - - -	142
The World - - - - -	144
Nubes Magellanae - - - - -	146

MELODIES.

THE SENTINEL.

ON Zion's hosts whilst slumber falls,
And winds its deep, enchanting spell,
Behold upon her holy walls,
The lone, the sleepless sentinel.
He guards each still, and throbbing breast,
When no protecting vigil saves ;
And in the silent hours of rest,
His peaceful banner o'er us waves.

Sweet be the visions of repose,
And danger ever distant far,
But should there come invading foes,
He peals the clarion-blast of war.
If through your ranks that sound should fly,
The balmy dreams of sleep dispel,

It is the champion's battle cry,
The 'larum of the sentinel.

Oblivion softly on us steals,
As pang by pang the life-cords part,
And cold th' obstructed current feels,
Congealing round the living heart.
The spirit from its prison breaks,
For freer climes where it would dwell,
When death the falling victim takes,
There stands the watchful sentinel.

The altars where his incense burns,
The holy altars of our hearts,
Though mockery often scorns and spurns,
The faithful guardian ne'er departs.
If in our bosoms e'er arise,
The thoughts which murmur and rebel,
List, list, for in those bosoms cries,
The warning of the sentinel.

Oh, arm with cuirass and with shield,
And put the sword and helmet on,
The foe is in the battle field,
The victory must be lost or won.

No, sleep not now upon your post,
Who may his voice and footsteps tell ?
Your crown of life and life are lost,
If you neglect the sentinel.

THE WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.

ON Olivet He stood and wept,
O'er Salem's future doom,
That all her glory should be swept,
To ruin and the tomb.

Lamenting o'er his worship spurned,
His unrequited love ;
Oh, hear the sigh with which he mourned,
Breathe through the olive grove.

Wo, that the time should e'er be ripe,
Predicted by that moan,
Or grief for Salem prove the type,
For sorrows of his own.

But where he stood in pensive wo,⁽¹⁾
Were destined yet to stand,
Battalions of the armed foe,
To sweep her from the land.

Thou City of the chosen fold,
The pride of Israel's brow,⁽²⁾
Thy sun hath sunk, thy tale is told,
Where is thy glory now?

FORGIVE THE THOUGHTS WHICH
RISE.

FORGIVE the thoughts which rise,
 Offending if they be,
Though oft the heart thy love denies,
 It looketh up to thee.
 It looketh up to thee,
 To whom its pulses tend,
When none of earth can hear or see,
 The suppliant tones ascend.

Oh, could we but adore,
 Like heaven's angelic host ;
Such deep, pure aspirations pour,
 We might not deem us lost.
 Whilst seeking here to fly,
From phantoms that we clasp,

The blossoms lovely to the eye,
 But fading in the grasp.

Ill, ill the fruit must be,
 We labour to mature ;
 The issue of the fatal tree,
 Whose upas leaves allure,
 Where coiled the serpent lies,
 With poison in his breath,
 Enticing to the golden prize,
 That tempts us on to death.

Still waves a flaming sword,
 Where bowers of Eden are ;
 That earth no solace might afford,
 No shelter from despair.
 But pangs within the breast,
 The sweat drops on the brow,
 And toils which mock the hopes of rest,
 Our only portion now.

We would not back reclaim,
 A heritage below ;

If all its joys should prove the same,
Or false as those we know.
In that decree we dread,
Our revocation lies,
'Tis our's to bruise the serpent's head,
And triumph when he dies.

I MARKED THE FOUNTAIN'S
GENTLE FLOW.

I MARKED the fountain's gentle flow,
As its waters clear were boiling,
But when I pierced its depths below,
A serpent there was coiling.

I gazed with joy upon the main,
The zephyrs o'er it roaming—
But looking on its waste again,
'Twas tempest-tossed and foaming.

I searched the world's possessions o'er,
The prospect was alluring ;
But disappointed evermore,
Found nothing here enduring.

Ah ! then an upward glance I cast,
To the hallowed heaven's turning,
A tranquil moment o'er me passed,
The polar star was burning.

WE SOUGHT THEE SORROWING,
OH, MY CHILD.

WE sought thee sorrowing, oh, my child,
And lonely was the way
We trod, to lead thee back again,
When thou hadst gone astray.

Th' agony of a breaking heart,
Our doom it was to feel ;
The pang a single moment gives,
Which years may never heal.

In bitterness of soul we wept,
Thy young and guileless years,
Whilst grief aspired itself to soothe,
So generous were its tears.

We'll brave the raging of the sea,
We'll cross the burning wild ;
But never turn our footsteps *home*,
And leave behind our child.

But lively throbs of joy, my child,
Shall all the past repay ;
We've found thee in temple *where*⁽³⁾
Thou can'st not go astray.

OH, HOW WE DREAD TO GIVE TO EARTH.

Oh, how we dread to give to earth, the body which it gave,
And restless here, we shuddering fear, the quiet of the grave,
What greater bliss the heart enjoys, when warm it is
and bold:

Yet must it like the marble stone, how soon be turning cold!

The midge which sports in silvery beams, forgets from
whence he sprung,
So sweet the little moment seems, so joyous and so young,
The spell beguiling evermore, the charm that ne'er is sped,
He shrinketh from the evening dew, the chilling waters
tread.

When looking on the way before, how darkling is the night,
And deeply doth the spirit mourn, ere venturing on its flight;
But when in freedom it shall float, in yonder calm domain,
It smiling often looketh back, but cometh not again.

NEVER, NO NEVER, MAY WE FLY.

NEVER, no never, may we fly,
From Thought's supreme control ;
Oblivion's grasp it doth defy,
Nor tears can quench it if we try,
This watch-fire of the soul.

Will future happier days repay,
The labours we bestow ?
The whirlwind's stream at last may play,
To sweep the ripened fields away,
Though well we toil and sow.

Our added years give in exchange,
For all that they destroy ;
A mind's far wider, freer range,
But with it, feelings which estrange
From pure and simple joy.

Would what we live to feel, endure,
In such a world as this :
The bosom's hidden wounds might cure,
And in our bondage state insure
The liberty of bliss.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

THE clouds of terror Sinai wore,
Rest not on Judah's mountain's brow,⁽⁴⁾
And none may trembling here adore,
But come in harmless boldness now,
To hear such strains of wisdom pour,
As never have been heard before.

Bright are the blossoms of the field,
In tints of living beauty drest ;
The meadow waves its downy breast,
In tender germs the fruit is sealed,
The earth with fresh luxuriance blest—
What riches will the harvest yield !

Ah, well may Nature's charms appear,
In flowery wreaths on hill and plain,
And garlands woven not in vain,

To crown the promise of the year,
 For Nature's sov'reign Lord is here,
 Where all revives to life again.

Let others prove as they incline,
 The creeds and worship that they own;
 We weep for those who have not known,
 The higher source of truth divine,
 Nor for redemption look alone,
 To Him that comes in Jesse's line.

Ne'er did Compassion's tears condemn,
 The object fond for which they fell;
 Love's kindest accents shall they tell,
 Who faith's rough torrents cannot stem,
 Would some Siloam were for them,
 The Sadducee, the Infidel.

Life's purest life here beams for all,
 But round us see a warning lies—
 Survey this spot with placid eyes;
 Here, where our hearts his love recall,
 How near Gilboa's mountains rise,
 Which once were fatal unto Saul!

Celestial bounty once was found,
Where we sublimest truths receive—
Gird up the loins, admire, believe,
This, this indeed is holy ground,
Our bosoms with devotion heave,
Whilst heavenly light is burning round!

THE DEATH WATCH.

A voice was trembling in my ear,
Even now its dying note I hear,
It lingers yet, but silently ;⁽⁵⁾

I mark alone,
Its dreary tone,
Hark, list, oh, tell me, can it be,

The mellow breath of closing flow'rs,
Expiring in their green leaf bowers,
Which to the murmuring winds they gave ;

Or wailing sigh,
That passed me by,
Of spirit roving from the grave ?

Is this the warning sound, which springs
From death's relentless, lightning wings,

The signal to his victim given ;
 Some echoed prayer,
 Borne on the air,
 Or whisper token sent from heaven ?

The soft vibrations now expire,
 Like tones which breathe from Memnon's lyre,
 Or like the chant of some lone bird,
 At solemn eve,
 Its dirge doth weave,
 And o'er the sepulchre is heard !

Soul of this life, it thus must be,
 A spirit's chiming symphony,
 Shall blend in unison with thine ;
 Ere thou shalt meet,
 With rapture sweet,
 The swell of golden harps divine !

THE LONELY HOUR.

THE spirit's drooping wings must fall,
In heaviness, as once with Saul,
But who shall Israel's minstrel bring,
To strike the harp's melodious string?

The tents of Kedar are more fair,
Than e'er the halls of Jacob were,
And sweet the song of praise that thrills
The hearts that weep on Zion's hills.

Kind herald of this silent hour,
Descending with thy sceptred power,
Thy astral robe, thy sable throne,
And night winds singing all alone.

Life's watching angels ruled by thee,
 Forget the tone of misery,
 Or lead us more in calmness on,
 As clouds whose thunderbolts are gone.

Yet not for thee, is it to bless
 With welcome of forgetfulness,
 But now to soothe, and then to pain,
 And rivet memory's iron chain.

That chain, when we its length survey,
 Some linklets bright are torn away ;
 But ah, enough are left behind,
 To bind to earth the willing mind.

How doth the vocal earth recall,
 Our exile lot, the fatal fall ;
 Oh, well it is, we here were sent,
 To live, to toil in banishment.

Beneath the rose's blushing breast,
 The worm concealed hath built his nest,
 And those fair leaves shall be the food,
 To nurse a reptile's growing brood.

Calm spirit of this lonely hour,
Of solitude the charm, the power,
We learn when we commune with thee,
What 'tis we are, what we must be.

THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

THIS wasting life, this heart oppressed,
To weary, ceaseless travail given ;
Oh, when shall come the balmy rest,
The azure light of heaven ?
The fleeting harbinger of bliss,
Above our pathway we descry ;
It leads us to the wilderness,
But leaves us there to die.

The promised land, the lot of all,
We toil and suffer to survey ;
Yet how like Terah do we fall,
Whilst travelling on the way ?
Ah ! give us here at least to see,
A prospect of the realms we crave ;
Though like to Pisgah's view it be,
A summons to the grave.

The Arab goes to Mecca's shrine,
 And kneels to kiss a senseless stone ;
 Jehovah's worship more divine,
 Comes from the heart alone.⁽⁶⁾
 And long the journey we endure,
 From rising youth, to ripened age,
 To make our hold of heaven secure,
 In this our pilgrimage.

We go with fearless heart to meet,
 The foes that round our footsteps spring,
 With bleeding bosoms, bleeding feet,
 To make life's journeying.
 If thus our destiny be cast,
 This wrestling of the soul arise,
 Be it the Palmer's lot at last,
 To win the crown and prize !

ESTHER.

THE monarch chose the brightest star,⁽⁷⁾
That eastern climes could own ;
A captive maiden from afar,
The partner of his throne.
Her lofty eye, and matchless zone,
Formed not the theme of praise alone ;
Far nobler were the valiant pride,
And daring of the queenly bride.

'Twas her's, the warm, the impelling zeal,
Of constancy the test,
The feeblest of *his* children feel,
If once they are oppressed.
When Danger's frowning mien defies,
Its own deliverance it supplies ;
That fearless valour lights its path,
Which smote the champion chief of Gath.

The days of Purim all may fail,
 Perpetual though designed,
 Yet what of earth shall countervail,
 The heaven directed mind?

But ah, the pride which Jacob bore,
 Shall ne'er the arm of strength restore,
 Must Israel ever weep alone,
 No guardian angel near the throne?

The Magi travelling came to view,
 The light which led them on,
 It is the same that we pursue,
 Its lustre is not gone.

See how its twinkling beam appears,
 Effulgent in this vale of tears;
 And ne'er in ocean depths shall set,
 That ever glittering coronet.

THE MORNING DAWN.

In the twilight a radiance is streaming afar,
On the verge of the morning yet loiters its star,
There it lingers still lovely, ere its course is yet run,
And it smiles on the red curtained couch of the sun.

Through a pathway of clouds will his chariot be driven,
In the track of his speed, the proud herald of heaven,
And the chambers of darkness will be brilliant and bright,
And worlds shall be blest with his warmth and his light.

On the darkness within, will there burst the full dawn,
Ere life's cunning charm in its sweetness is gone,
Ere the sound of the grinding grows low at the mill,
And the wheel at the cistern hangs broken and still !

The dew wind in freshness, springs up from the dale,
Above us and near us, rejoicings prevail,
With the notes of the choir, which re-echo around,
Let "the breath of our faith" rising upward be found.⁽⁸⁾

L A Z A R U S.

BEFORE the tomb where Friendship sleeps,
The Saviour bows—he bows and weeps,
'Tis thus he mourns for those that die,
When none to soothe or save are nigh.

What tenderness reserved for thee,
Thou humble one of Bethany!
Heaven never shone in brighter beam,
From Tabor's mount or Jordan's stream.

“Hadst thou been here, he had not died”—
What agony his bosom tried!
On heaven he called, nor called in vain,
The dead walks forth to life again.

His bands are loosed, and freed he goes
To share the world's unpitied woes,
To feel the pangs that flesh must brave,
And find his Paradise the grave.

AGAIN, AGAIN, IT COMES AGAIN.

AGAIN, again, it comes again,
This silent touch of feeling ;
The clanking of the spirit's chain,
The thriftless struggles all in vain,
The frost dew on me stealing.

The hidden spell will ne'er depart,
But cannot be consoling ;
This drop of black blood in the heart,⁽⁹⁾
It must, the death pang must impart,
Beyond our own controlling.

And is it thus, to know, to feel,
The life of dust decaying ;
To stretch the bosom's chords of steel,⁽¹⁰⁾
And though we rend them, not reveal
The ruin on us preying ?

What is the refuge we have sought;
With hopes of its composing?
The fiend-like joy of demon thought,
The manacles that it has brought,
The dungeon round us closing.

No, not again are we e'er free,
The mind if once is soaring;
It lives in bitter ecstasy,
While ever sadly we must be,
Our prison home deploring.

THE WOMEN AT THE TOMB.

'Tis finished, and 'twas not in vain,⁽¹¹⁾
The temple's vail was rent in twain,
Or mid-day darkness settled round,
Or earthquakes shook the trembling ground—
The golden beams of morn appear,
To gild the Holy Sepulchre.

While incense blends with morning's breath,
They seek that rocky hold of Death;
But vain will be their pious care,
Their martyred Master sleeps not there,
The stars that dawned upon his birth,
Have hailed his transit from the earth.⁽¹²⁾

Ah, dost thou doubt if true it fell,
The last, the crowning miracle?
With Cephas to the tomb repair,⁽¹³⁾
It yawns upon the open air,

The folded shroud approves his word,
It once arrayed the risen Lord.

But lo, before their weeping eyes,
The angels yet abiding rise,
They marked their silent tears and said,
"Ye seek the living 'mongst the dead,
O, let his words remembered be,
Which once he spake in Galilee."

"Yes risen, risen, seek him not,
In this sepulchral, dreary spot,
To Emmaus he goes to day,⁽¹⁴⁾
To speak with travellers on the way,
Though noiseless as his footsteps are,
Their burning hearts shall feel him there."

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

'Tis night, and lo, upon the sea,
The lone, dark sea,
The storm is howling fearfully,⁽¹⁵⁾
And they upon the tossing wave,
Whose hoary top breaks heavily,
Hark to the wind's tempestuous roar,
And see the beating deluge pour,
But find no arm outstretched to save,
No rescue from an awful grave.

Earth, ocean, heaven, where, oh, where,
His refuge now,
Fear stills the heart and knits the brow,
To whom his safety shall prefer,
When drear and desolate despair,
Appals the hopeless mariner!

Peace, peace, be still—be still in peace,

A voice is heard—

The stormy winds obey his word,

A radiance bursts forth from heaven's dome,

And waters wild and raging, cease

To rise and wrestle in their foam.

Light of the world, the light of all,

Beneath the skies,

When darkened tempests shall befall,

And ruin threatens to o'erwhelm,

'Tis bliss to see above us rise,

The beaming star of Bethlehem.

THE VALLEY OF ACHOR.

IN the Valley of Achor,
A hope yet remains :⁽¹⁶⁾
Jehovah, our maker,
Protects and sustains.

There is beauty for ashes,
For mourning is joy ;
And the cloud-bolt which flashes,
Shall never destroy.

The deep, deep source of woe,
Is concealed in the breast,
Yet beside it shall flow,
The sweet fountain of rest.

Frail daughters of Judah,
How vainly they mourned ;

When for idols they sought,
And Jehovah was spurned.

When for Tammuz they wept,
And affliction they bore,⁽¹⁷⁾
That in darkness he slept,
Iridescent no more.

To the God of the Just,
Our pure altars *we* raise ;
And a spirit divine,
Is the spirit we praise.

Nought of earth can control,
The impulses it brings ;
And the bliss of the soul,
Is the light of its wings.

In the Valley of Achor,
A bright star-light shall fall,
The Redeemer, our Maker,
Will illumine it all.

And He will not depart,
Though the darkness bedim
For the lowliest in heart,
Are the dearest to Him.

THE BLISS OF ALL OUR EARLY YEARS.

The remembrance of youth is a sigh.—ARABIAN PROVERB.

THE bliss of all our early years,
So undisguised and gay,
The memory of a dream appears,
So soon it flies away.
Our years decline, and hope displays,
Its semblances in vain;
For oh, the light of younger days,
Ne'er comes to us again.

The holy choir, whose ceaseless songs,
Fill all the realms above;
To them the changeless form belongs,
Of youthfulness and love,

Whilst here in life's o'erclouded day,
The thought we must endure,
That we were once as bright as they,
As innocent and pure.

DANIEL'S PRAYER.

THE idol-worship in the land,
Its votaries obeyed ;
And where the Paynim altars stand,
The homage vows are paid.
But one was there who still alone,
Knelt down before the Holy One ;
Though shouts of triumph rent the air, ⁽¹⁸⁾
The loud acclaim, the prophet spurned,
To Salem's banished towers he turned,
And fervent was his prayer.

" Though in a foreign clime we be,
And captive may remain ;
Our faith, Almighty, is in thee,
To guide us and sustain,
God of our fathers and our own,
Leave not thy people e'er alone,

Oh, let thy chariot-wheels appear ;
 Though Israel hath thy favour known,
 To all the world thy power is shown,
 Nor wanting is it here.

On Dura's plain the image stood,
 Which nations bowed before ;
 But where is now the worshipped God,
 Or they that did adore ?
 The burning furnace could not slay,
 The children of the covenant—they
 Who bended knee, nor heart would yield,
 But thine it was, thine own decree,
 With beasts the Babel king should be,
 His portion in the field.

And when on Shinar's borders rose,
 The burst of revel mirth ;
 Thine honor was profaned of those,
 The noble called of earth.
 How did the stroke of terror fall,
 As writing gleamed forth on the wall,
 The letters from thy secret hand,

Which to the festal monarch came,
The glowing marks of light and flame,
The words of thy command ?

Here, where thy terrors were portrayed,
Though none are found to heed ;
Let thy broad banners be displayed,
Before the haughty Mede.
Thou canst deliver us again,
Canst rescue from the lion's den,
And set the guiltless prisoner free ;
Our refuge—hope—our happiness,
Let chains confine, let foes oppress,
In thee, we trust in thee."

WHEN ON LIFE'S DARK RETURN- LESS SHORE.

WHEN on life's dark returnless shore,
We pause with lingering looks to see,
The billows rolling on before,
The flood-tide of eternity :
What startling visions then arise,
Before the dim and clouded eyes,
The truths unseen, unheard, untold,
Which all the living must behold,
But fear to realize !

The last reverted glance is thrown,
On all that we have felt or borne :
The changeless truth appears alone,
Of every false illusion shorn ;
The deep'ning shade, the dark impress,
The winding sheet, the burial dress,

Memorials which avail to prove,
The riven cords of human love,
Our utter nothingness.

The pulse is still, the eye is closed,
And not a throb the bosom heaves,
Where once the living flame reposed,
But now the citadel it leaves.
Bow down the heart—draw near,
And shed the pure, the holy tear,
That loved and cherished form survey—
What offering have we for this clay?
The cerement robe and bier.

IN THE SHADOW OF EGYPT
THEY TRUSTED IN VAIN.

In the shadow of Egypt they trusted in vain,
In the strength of the heathen the valiant were slain,
The gods that they sought, the idols they made,
Thy people, oh Lord, to confusion betrayed.

They thought of the altars their fathers had known,
Whose incense arose to Jehovah's pure throne,
And lone in the land of the stranger, they wept
O'er the vows pledged in Shechem they never had kept.

The voice of the prophet, reproof of the seer,
Came down like the terrors of death on the ear,
And the sound of their wailing was loud in despair,
But no ministering angel of Bethel was there.

Shall the foes of thy worship thy people pursue?
Once more, oh Eternal, thy covenant renew;
The broken in faith, shall thy vengeance yet smite,
But the broken in heart are still dear in thy sight.

SHALL THEY WHO PART, NE’ER
MEET AGAIN.

SHALL they who part, ne’er meet again,
In some allotted sphere ;
And there the plighted love reclaim.
Which made them happy here ?

We’ve felt when spirits from on high,
To us their bliss have given ;
Oh, then we’ve often felt how nigh
Our earth must be to heaven.

And if they came, those spirits bright,
Their tidings good to tell ;
We too have sometimes ta’en our flight,
To seek them where they dwell.

The thought of being where they are,
Hath made our bosoms burn ;
And well we know, when we go there,
We will not back return.

ON PATMOS' HOLY ISLE.

ON Patmos' holy isle,
A voice from heaven was heard ;
And worlds on worlds unknown,
To mortal view appeared.
And lo, their mysteries,
All one by one unroll ;
And, like familiar things,
Seem written on a scroll.

The prophet there beheld,
The vision of that day,
When earth, and sea, and sky,
Shall all be swept away.
When dead and living—all,
Their wailing notes shall pour,
And echo swell the sound,
That time shall be no more.

Behold on Zion's mount,
The Lamb is seen again !
But not the multitude,
Who mocked when He was slain.
But round the eternal throne,
The Cherubim arise ;
And harp and voice proclaim,
The anthems of the skies.

Blessed herald of the cross,
The chosen and approved ;
The Saviour's cherished friend,
Whom looking on He loved :
Oh, would that like to thee,
The favour we might share,
To view that purer world,
And look in transport there !

THE SONG OF THE MARTYRS.

LIGHT up the martyr's funeral pile,
Consume the victim at the stake;
No murmur shall we breathe the while,
Though round us quenchless flames may break;
For kindling up its proud disdain,
The soul will spurn the fiery pain.

Oppressors, who aspire to wield
The javelin of the maddened king;
A mightier arm shall safely shield,
From all the weapons which ye bring.
The God that watches o'er his own,
Will place the anointed on the throne.

If in the flames we shall expire,
It is a speedier aid they'll lend;

That in the prophet's car of fire,
 To brighter worlds we may ascend ;
 And this last sacrifice we give,
 To make our faith increase and live.⁽¹⁹⁾

We'll shrink not from the burning brand,
 Though long it agonize the heart ;
 But firm and fearless will we stand,
 To shame the apostate's faithless part,
 Our's is the sacred cause to claim
 Alone, the martyr's wreath and fame.⁽²⁰⁾

These lingering pangs shall death suffice—
 The Christian's rest, his home of prayer ;
 In yon illumined Paradise,
 Tis our's the first to enter there,⁽²¹⁾
 And earthly conflicts we contemn,
 To gain a starry diadem.

THE SPOILER CAME.

(EPICED IUM.)

THE spoiler came at dead of night,
And waved his baleful wing ;
And see—it droops beneath the blight,
The blossom of the spring !
There, by the fountain low it lies,
Where once it proudly grew ;
But ah, no more its petals rise,
Fresh in the morning dew.
Away hath the Destroyer flown,
Whilst we the ruin view ;
Our hearts with sorrow bleed alone,
He would not slay them too.

We'll strow with flowers thy early tomb,
Memorials shall they be ;

As transient as their wasting bloom,
 Were all our hopes of thee.
 Those flowers shall moulder in the dust,
 We nurture them in vain ;
 Plucked ere their seeds were ripe, they must
 In buried earth remain.
 But thou shalt thrive in life and love,
 Nor brief shall be thy reign,
 In those unchanging climes above,
 We struggle to regain.

Where thy unprisoned spirit flies,
 Where sinless seraphs live ;
 If there, our murmuring voice shall rise,
 Let Mercy's smile forgive.
 The human love that vainly errs,
 In its response to thine,
 Since heaven unto its truth avers,
 It something seems divine,
 The impulse of that life desire,
 We cherish and refine ;
 We feel the kindling of its fire,
 Though dimly here it shine.

There's *one* on whom our hope is stayed,
Our tears shall fall no more ;
And lovely is the valley made,
Where He hath gone before.
No longer are his garments red,
Though once in Bozrah dyed ;
No longer droops the holy head,
Or bleeds the wounded side ;
But risen to the realms of light,
Enthroned and glorified,
Where yonder tuneful spheres invite,
With thee, we would abide.

POTESTAS DEI .

Deus est sinus quidam naturæ, in seipso, continens omnia.

LACTANTIUS.

ABOVE, around, within, abroad,
Is felt the presence of our God !
The heaven of heavens his throne on high,
And earth is cradled in the sky.
Oh, should we on the morning wind,
Far as it sweeps repair ;
And trace each dim and viewless sphere,
That wheeleth through the air :
Or seek the place where darkness hides,
Or search the depths of ocean's tides,
Thy hand, Eternal, we should find,
To hold us every where.
The sea, the air, the stars that shine
In night's illumined path ;
Are emblems of thy power divine,
Or ministers of wrath.

The offspring of the race are we,
 Thy judgments overthrew ;
 O, shield us from thy vengeance, God,
 Nor let it strike anew !

We gaze upon the rolling clouds,
 Which not a shade of terror shrouds,
 Though from them once the torrents came,
 And thunder-bolt and lightning flame,
 O'erwhelmed the world below ;
 To us they now serenely glow,
 And glitter with the covenant bow.
 The sun that rules the subject orbs,
 Himself subjection feels :
 On Gibeon, in the battle hour,
 He stops his burning wheels ;
 Whilst warring hosts their standards rear,
 And wield the flashing sword and spear,
 Till moonbeams shed their mellow light
 Upon the fallen Amorite !

Jehovah, often is thine arm,
 Thy holy arm, made bare,
 To rescue from impending harm,
 The people of thy care.

For them, e'er since "creation's dawn,"
 Each work of thine is meant;
 And when beneath Oppression's hand,
 They suffer in a stranger's land,
 And each last lingering hope is gone—
 Deliverance is sent.
 Thy mercies, never ceasing, rise
 Like stars which light the boundless skies,
 Thine everlasting realm:
 Or like the drops which fill the sea,
 Or years which build eternity,
 We cannot number them.

The water streams from Horeb's rock,
 The fire descendeth like the rain;
 The altars at thy presence smoke,
 The sea and rivers cleft in twain.
 I hear a rush of armed steeds,
 And foes that march to martial deeds,
 And shout *they* many an impious word,
 Who dare to battle with the Lord!
 O, Egypt, was it all in vain,
 Thou wept'st thy elder offspring slain,

And felt the wrath of heaven, that sped
 Its vengeance on thy guilty head ?
 Thy warriors go, and leave behind,
 Too many who will weep ;
 And pour their wailing on the wind,
 And curse the treacherous deep,
 But pray that its high watery wall,
 Might overwhelm them in its fall !
 And hark, a sound of joy is sent,
 O'er the victorious element !
 'Tis Israel's flushed, exulting ranks,
 That crowd the red sea's sloping banks,
 And through their tents, loud, clear, and free,
 Floats Miriam's song of jubilee.
 O, could they in their triumph boast,
 A fond, perspective glance ;
 And see each future, hostile host,
 Thus fall as they advance,
 The Canaan in his mountain hold :
 Or Syrians in their might,
 Bestrow the damp ground, dead and cold,
 Whilst under arms at night—
 Their hymns of praise would higher swell,
 And louder tones of gladness tell.

Almighty, changeless evermore,
 All time, and space, and power in Thee;
 Whom all acknowledge and adore,
 But none can know or see,
 The mind, the heart, our feeble sense,
 Bow down to thine Omnipotence!
 The solemn awe, that Israel felt,
 Our heaving bosoms feel,
 When tribe by tribe, they lowly knelt,
 And heard the thunder's peal;
 And gazing up from Sinai's base,
 Beheld the veiling of thy face.
 And, ah, it were a glorious sight,
 Which other days afford,
 To look on Carmel's holy height,
 And hail the prophet's heaven-ward flight,
 The chariot of the Lord:
 And in its wake of fire and light,
 To mark what proof of lasting love,
 Is left us, as it mounts above.
 To us, to us, there's many a pledge,
 And lively token given,
 To call our thoughts away from earth,
 And lift them up to heaven.

Retrace the course of ages back,
 Reflect on their career :
 What emblems brighten in their track,
 What mighty deeds appear ;
 What vows were made, what altars built,
 To purchase pardon for our guilt !
 Time was when all was darkness here,
 No glowing hopes the prospect crossed,
 And when the young, the infant world,
 Gave signs of woe that all was lost.
 Then, on the ruined and betrayed,
 Celestial visions beamed ;
 The promises of heaven were made,
 And are they not redeemed ?
 Yes, o'er Judea's pastoral plain,
 Resounds the loud, triumphant strain,
 Sweeter than notes divinely flung,
 From David's minstrel strings :
 Or seraph song, when softly sung,
 By angels on their wings.
 Oh, well it is that they rejoice,
 The heavenly host of morn ;
 And lisp creation's merry voice,
 The Promised One is born.

Behold, the "wise men" come to greet,
 And yield their homage at His feet—
 With them we kneel, with them we bow,
 Our humbler praise to offer now,
 And join that choir, whose song shall be,
 A deep, eternal melody.

Ah, ye, whom vain allurements please,
 Or dark and guilty passions guide ;
 Who tread the flowery paths of ease,
 Or nurse a heart of scorn and pride—
 Are there no truths for ye to learn,
 No cherished hopes to move :
 No zeal, to make your bosoms burn,
 With rapture and with love ?
 Let Pleasure pander to your will,
 Corrupt, debase, conceal ;
 Yet Conscience is undying still,
 And forces us to feel.
 Quench not its light, its vivid glow,
 Is the best sense of heaven we know:

Roll back ye mighty waves of time,
 Ye surges be repelled ;

And bear me to those scenes sublime,
 Solyma once beheld :
 And let my meditations, be
 On Bethlehem and Gethsemane.
 The Saviour comes but not in pride,
 With thousands marshalled at his side,
 He comes alone, in lowliness,
 To soothe, to heal, to save, to bless,
 To teach vain man the world was trod,
 By Nature's Child, and Nature's God.
 He holds the keys of life and death,
 And stills the tempest with his breath,
 The King supreme of kings is He,
 The Everlasting Deity !
 Creation owns his sovereign sway,
 And proves the Power, we disobey.
 For Him is reared no lofty throne,
 No diadem adorns ;
 Alone, He treads the earth alone,
 His coronal of thorns.
 Ye stars that shouted at his birth,
 I hear no more your joyous mirth ;
 The gladdening sounds that once were sent,
 From the bright chrystal firmament.

But noon-day darkness shrouds the skies,
And earthquakes rend the guilty earth:
The living quake, the dead arise :
What mean these dreadful agonies ?—
'Tis done, the unholy work is done,
Oh, God, behold thy martyred son,
On Calvary He dies ! !

NOTES.

- (1) *But where he stood in pensive wo,
Were destined yet to stand,
Battalions of the armed foe,
To sweep her from the land.*

The place where our Saviour stood on the mount and wept over Jerusalem, was the same spot to which he retired to pray in his agony on the night of the crucifixion. This circumstance is alluded to in the previous verse. It was on the same spot, also, that the army of Titus, the Roman Emperor, pitched their tents, when they came against the holy city to destroy it.

It is remarkable, that the second temple, originally built by Zerubabel after the captivity, and subsequently repaired by Herod, should have been demolished, A. D. 73, on the same month, and the same day of the month, that the first, or Solomon's Temple, had been razed to the ground by the Babylonians.

V. Horne's Introduction, vol. iii. pp. 228-31.

- (2) *Thou city of the chosen fold,
The pride of Israel's brow.*

The devoted attachment and veneration of the chosen people to the temple and the holy city, are thus described by Horne :

“ Both the first and second temples were contemplated by the Jews with the highest reverence ; of their affectionate regard for the first temple and for Jerusalem, within whose walls it was built, we have several instances in those psalms which were composed during the Babylonish captivity ; and of their profound veneration for the second temple, we have repeated examples in the New Testament. They could not bear any disrespectful or dishonourable thing to be said of

it. The least injurious slight of it, real or apprehended, instantly awakened all the choler of a Jew, and was an affront never to be forgiven. Our Saviour, in the course of his public instructions, happening to say, 'Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it again,' it was construed into a contemptuous disrespect, designedly thrown out against the temple: his words instantly descended into the heart of a Jew, and kept rankling there for several years; for upon his trial, this declaration, which it was impossible for a Jew ever to forgive or to forget, was immediately alleged against him as big with the most atrocious guilt and impiety; they told the court they heard him publicly assert, I am able to destroy this temple. The rancour and virulence they had conceived against him, for this speech, which they imagined had been levelled against the temple, was not softened by all the affecting circumstances of that excruciating and wretched death, they saw him die; even on the cross, with infinite triumph, scorn and exultation, they upbraided him with it, contemptuously shaking their heads and saying, 'Thou that destroyest the temple and buildest it in three days, save thyself. If thou be the son of God, come down from the cross.' "

Horne, vol. iii. p. 232.

(3) *We've found thee in the temple where
Thou canst not go astray.*

The Jews throughout the country were in the habit of repairing to Jerusalem, to celebrate the great festivals, such as the passover, the feast of the pentecost, and the feast of the tabernacles. For greater security, however, against the attacks of robbers on the road, they used to travel in large companies; those who came from the same city, canton, or district, forming a party of themselves.

They carried necessaries along with them, and tents for lodging at night. It was among such a company that Joseph and Mary sought Jesus Christ. This account of the Israelites mode of travelling, furnishes a ready answer to the question, how Joseph and Mary could make a day's journey, without discovering before night that Jesus was not in the "company." In the day time, as circumstances might lead them, the travellers would probably mingle with their friends and acquaintance, but in the evening, when they were about to encamp, every one would join the family to which he belonged.

As Jesus did not appear, when it was growing late, his parents first sought him, where they supposed he would probably be found, among his relatives and acquaintances, and not finding him, returned to Jerusalem.

V. Horne's Introduc. and Campbell's Translation of the Gospels.

(4) *The clouds of terror Sinai wore,
Rest not on Judah's mountain's brow.*

Henry, in his Commentary on the Bible, introduces the subject of our Saviour's sermon (Matt. 5,) by a singular periphrasis. This chapter, says he, commences with a sermon, a famous sermon, the sermon on the mount.

In the gospel dispensation, the mountain on which our Saviour preached his divine discourse, may be, as the commentator above mentioned observes, contradistinguished from Mount Sinai, where the people were kept at a distance; here they were invited to draw near without distinction. It lay to the north of Mount Tabor, and is sometimes called the Mount of Beatitudes. The mountains of Gilboa, where the forces of Saul were defeated and himself slain, are in the vicinity.

From the beautiful allusion our Saviour makes to the lilies of the field, the season of the year, when this sermon was put forth, is supposed to have been the spring.

(5) *A voice was trembling in my ear,
Even now its dying note I hear,
It lingers yet but silently.*

The horologe of death, is supposed to be an insect. The French call it *vrillette* from the circumstance of its boring into wood.

"Les *vrillettes* vivent dans l'intérieur des maisons, et leur larves dévorent les boiseries, les meubles, les poutres, les solives, et percent les bois en y faisant une multitude de petits trous ronds. C'est à une *vrillette* qu'on attribue ce petit bruit singulier qu'on appelle horologe de la mort, et qu'on entend souvent le soir dans les apartemens."

L'Instinct des Animaux.

The horologe, or death-watch, is a species of solitary Termites. (Termes *Pulsatorium* Linn.) or (*Atropos lignarius*, Leach.) It lives in old books, the paper on walls, collections of insects, and dried plants,

and is extremely agile in its movements, darting by jerks into dark corners for the purpose of concealment. It does not like to run straight forward, without resting every half second, as if to listen or look about for its pursuer, and at such resting times it is easily taken.

The ticking noise is made by the insect beating against the wood with its head, and is supposed by some to be peculiar to the female, and to be connected with the laying of her eggs.

Another death-watch is a small beetle, called in ontology "*Anobium Tesselatum*."

Library Enter. Knowl.

(6) *The Arab goes to Mecca's shrine,
And kneels to kiss a senseless stone,
Jehovah's worship, more divine,
Comes from the heart alone.*

The superstitions of the Mahomedan religion are currently known, and it may be scarcely worth while to mention, that the Caaba alluded to in this verse, is a square stone edifice in the temple of Mecca. The Mahometans say that this building was first erected by Adam, from the model of one that he had seen in Paradise. Subsequently to Adam's death, they assert that another building of the same kind, made of stones and clay, was erected by Seth. But as this was destroyed by the flood, they maintain also, that Abraham and Ishmael were instructed by divine providence to rebuild it in the same place where it first stood.

In the Caaba is "the black stone," so celebrated among the Mahometans, and which is regarded as an object of worship by the Arab pilgrims. This stone is set in silver, and fixed in the southeast corner of the building, or that which looks towards Basra, about two cubits and one third, or seven spans from the ground. The Moslems pretend that it was one of the precious stones of Paradise, and that it fell down to the earth with Adam, and being taken up again, or otherwise preserved at the Deluge, the angel Gabriel afterwards brought it back to Abraham, when he was building the Caaba.

It was at first, according to their account, whiter than snow, but became black by the sins of mankind, or rather by the touches and kisses of so many people, the surface only being black, and the interior parts remaining still white.

Rees' Cyclop., Art. Caaba,

- (7) *The monarch chose the brightest star,
That eastern climes could own.*

The Jewish name of the niece of Mordecai, was "Hadasseh." After she was preferred to the throne of Persia, she was, on account of her beauty, called "Esther," which signifies, in the Persian language, a star. The same word runs through various languages; in the Greek, "*αστρον*," in the Latin, "*astrum*." The English name Hester, has obviously the same origin.

- (8) *"With the notes of the choir, which re-echo around,
Let the 'breath of our faith,' rising upward be found."*

Legh Richmond calls prayer the breath of faith. See the Life of Legh Richmond, one of the brightest and most distinguished examples of devotedness and zeal that adorns the annals of the church.

- (9) *This drop of black blood in the heart,
It must, the death-pang must, impart,
Beyond our own controlling.*

The Mahometans, it is said, believe that there is a drop of black blood in the heart, which, poisoning the stream of life at its fountain head, occasions all our misery whilst living, and ultimately produces our death.

- (10) *To stretch the bosoms chords of steel,
And though we rend them, &c.*

—————*and hearts with strings of steel
Grow soft as sinews of the new-born babe.*

SHAKSPEARE.

- (11) *'Tis finished, and 'twas not in vain,
The temple's vail was rent in twain.*

This emphatic expression, which the Redeemer uttered at the crucifixion, is here applied to the resurrection.

On these words, Horne remarks that volumes might be written.

- (12) *The stars that dawned upon his birth,
Have hailed his transit from the earth.*

The exact time of our Saviour's rising from the tomb is not known. The Jews said that he was stolen away in the night-time, and one of

the Evangelists observes, that such was the current report among them at his day. The expression used above, implies a conjecture, that the time of the resurrection corresponded to that of the birth, and that the morning stars, which sang together when he was born, also appeared again, and saluted his happy return to the regions of the blessed.

- (13) *Ah, dost thou doubt, if true it fell,
The last the crowning miracle,
With Cephas to the tomb repair,
It yawns upon the open air.*

The intense interest, eagerness and surprise, manifested by Mary Magdalen and the apostles Peter and John, when they were made aware of the ascent, or rather the disappearance of the Saviour from the sepulchre, are described with much beauty and simplicity by the apostle St. John, who was himself a participator in what he writes. The tender solicitude and love of Mary, are forcibly set forth by the circumstance of her being the first "at early morn" to go and watch over the grave of her divine and lamented master.

"The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalen early, when it was yet dark, into the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him.

Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre.

So they ran both together, and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre."

John xx. 1-4.

- (14) *Yes risen, risen, seek him not,
In this sepulchral dreary spot,
To Emmaus he goes to-day,
To speak with travellers on the way.*

The Saviour first appeared in the world at a public inn, the scene of his birth, and after his resurrection his first appearance was in a public road. Without endeavoring to refine upon the interpretation of scripture, the suggestion may be allowed, that our Saviour's ap-

pearing first in the open road, would seem to indicate, in conformity with many circumstances which transpired during his stay on earth, and many of his previous observations and injunctions, that the subordinate distinctions in regard to the redemption of mankind, were now entirely removed, and that the means of salvation were placed within the reach of all, and were to be obtained by those that sought them.

(15) *'Tis night, and lo! upon the sea,
The lone, dark sea,
The storm is howling fearfully.*

In the Hebrew phrasology, the name "sea" is applied indiscriminately to any large body of water. It was on the lake of Genesareth that our Saviour performed the miracle of walking upon the water. This lake was also called the sea of Galilee, the sea of Chennereth, (Numb. xxxiv. 2.) or Cinneroth, (Josh. xii. 3.) and the sea of Tiberias, (John vi. 1. and xxi. 1.) Horne.

(16) *In the Valley of Achor,
A hope yet remains.*

Achor is the Hebrew word for trouble. Hence the Prophet Hosea, in speaking of the idolatry of the people, and of their reconciliation with heaven, says,

"Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her."

"And I will give her, her vineyards from thence, and the Valley of Achor for a door of hope." *Hosea xi. 14-15.*

The valley where Achan was stoned, gave rise to this name of Achor. It was so called on account of the trouble that through him was brought upon the children of Israel. Vide *Josh. vii. 26.*

(17) *When for Tammuz they wept,
And affliction they bore,
That in darkness He slept,
Iridescent no more.*

The idol for which the Jewish women sat weeping at the north gate of the temple, was an Egyptian Deity, the same as the Adonis of the Phenicians and Syrians.

In a wild and speculative work, called "Mythological Astronomy,"

it is asserted that the sun is meant in the interpretation of this passage of Ezekiel. But it is not probable that the sun is alluded to; if so, it would not be spoken of literally in one verse, and afterwards, in the next verse or two, figuratively. Vide *Ezek. viii. 13-16.*

An ancient Rabbi says, that Tammuz was an idol of brass, whose eyes the pagans used to fill with lead; then making a fire in the hollow parts of the idol, the lead would melt, and the image seem to shed tears. St. Jerome has rendered Tammuz by Adonis: and there is great probability that this is the true signification of it. The word Ammuz, which is the same as Tammuz, signifies *abstruse* or *concealed*. The manner of construction of the Hebrew text of Ezekiel, gives reason to judge that Tammuz is put in an appellative sense. But nothing can agree better with Adonis, than the epithet *secret* or *hidden*, whether we consider that secrecy and obscurity, in which his mysteries were involved, or the condition in which he was represented during the festival. He was put into a coffin, and lamented over as if dead. Moses, in some places, calls him *the dead*, by way of derision. Lastly, the circumstance of women bewailing Tammuz, has determined the greatest part of commentators to explain these passages of Ezekiel by the Feasts of Adonis.

Don Calmet., Art. Tammuz.

- (18) *Though shouts of triumph rent the air,
The loud acclaim the prophet spurned,
To Salem's burnished towers he turned,
And fervent was his prayer.*

The Jews were in the habit of turning towards Jerusalem when they prayed. In imitation of this custom, Mahomet taught his followers to turn towards Mecca when offering up their prayers.

The firmness of Daniel, and his uncompromising spirit of piety during his captivity, when he was exposed to the most imminent danger and temptation, are thus described in Holy Writ.

“Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.”

Daniel vi. 10.

(19) *And this last sacrifice we give,
To make our faith increase and live."*

Allusion is here made to the expression frequently used, the origin or author of which I am unacquainted with—"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

(20) *Ours is the sacred cause to claim
Alone, the martyrs wreath and fame,*

The Christian religion alone, has been distinguished by martyrs. The ingenuity of some writers, has been exercised in vain to prove the contrary.

(21) *In yon illumined Paradise,
'Tis ours the first to enter there.*

It was believed in the early periods of Christianity, that at the resurrection, the martyrs were entitled to precedence of all other Christians, and entered into heaven before them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FUTURITY.

Breve et irreparabile tempus,
Omnibus est vitæ.—

'Tis darkness all that lies beyond
The vivid soul's enlight'ning ray :
And reason, boasting profound,
Is night-fall on the closing day.
We stand upon a rocky steep,
Where sky, and winds, and waves, are free ;
But looking round, we fear to leap
Into our own eternity !

There is a height we cannot reach,
And worlds we cannot bound :
And truths the mind we cannot teach,
And depths of sea we cannot sound.
All that we know, and all we feel,
Enkindles hopes, enlivens fears,

Those strokes of Time, which wake the peal,
That breaks the silence of our years.

The voice within—the language mute,
Whose sound we cannot chase away ;
Whose truth no reasoning can refute,
Though reason oft may disobey,
Say, does it teach us more of dread,
The dread of pain, the dread of death,
Than bliss from that great Fountain head,
Whence life first drew its vital breath ?

Why should the mind delight to soar,
And feel, it is a true delight ?
The mazes that it would explore,
Deride the weakness of its flight.
And why enraptured should we gaze
On visions that we form above,
The brilliance of whose starry blaze,
Bedims the light of human love ?

The idle bird his sport doth urge,
His fleet wing in the water dips :

Though on the shore loud rolls the surge,
Where ocean frotheth at her lips.
Oh, could we wake from slumbering dreams,
Our apprehensions drive away ;
We'd be as careless as he seems,
And live as happy and as gay.

The earth is crumbling at our feet,
And clouds are dark above our head ;
The waters with the waters meet,
And time is fleeting, and has fled.
Progression, ruin, and decay,
And years with deep repentance rife,
And senses mouldering all away—
If this be living, what is life ?

TO A LADY BLUSHING.

THOSE features bathed in crimson dyes!
'Twas but the flash of radiant eyes—
'Tis just that thou should'st feel in turn,
The flames with which all others burn.

It fades away, but richer grace,
Beams o'er its brief abiding place;
Ah, 'twas a double fire you drew,
At once to dazzle and subdue.

FOREBODINGS.

THE ocean heaveth from below,
Ere yet the storm pervades :
And deeper do the shadows grow,
Ere come the evening shades.
And awful is the murmur heard,
Upon the battle plain ;
Before the clash of spear and sword,
And groaning of the slain.

The sunset glow lights up the sky,
On purple folds unfurled ;
Ere yet the starry lamps on high,
Beam out upon the world.
And mark again, the crimson dawn
Is brilliant in display ;

When the twinkling orbs are all withdrawn,
The harbinger of day.

Breathes not the deep, the silent sigh,
Ere Hope has yet departed ;
To warn us that warm love can die,
And leave us broken-hearted ?
And are there not, the tone, the look,
The frowning brow's dark token,
Which Friendship may no longer brook,
Ere all its ties are broken ?

Oh, weeps there not the willow tree,
Beside the meadow stream ;
Though waving to its rippling glee,
And basking in its beam ?
Twine me a wreath from its young bough,
The vernal chaplet bring :
Formed from the tendrils drooping low,
The first fruits of the Spring.

When Summer shrinks from Autumn's blast,
And leaf and blossom fade :

Why doth the yew, unfading last,
With verdure undecayed ?
While all around are gone beside,
Which beauty could not save ;
It flourishes in stately pride,
The emblem of the grave.

TO A FRIEND.

It freshly comes from summer seas,
And gently is it breathing now—
Sweet welcome to the evening breeze,
That cools my fevered brow.

As on its wings it passed me by,
Methought I heard a whispering moan ;
Was it some kindred bosom's sigh,
That mingled with my own ?

Or could it be the voice of years,
Now long, too unfamiliar grown,
Whose spirit moves us, like the tears .
We shed, when all alone !

The flowers, the richest in perfume,
Their fragrant breath the freest give ;

Why should it be their hapless doom,
The shortest time to live?

But oh, the love that we have known,
What lasting pleasure hath it given;
Ne'er shall its balmy leaves be strown
Upon the winds of heaven.

Fly then, thou light breeze, calmly by,
And wind thy tuneful notes above,
And with the music, blend the sigh,
Which memory pays to love.

ON PARTING.

And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me ? SHELLEY.

ONE brief, brief moment more, and Time,
Which cannot rend the silver cord,
Which long hath bound our hearts in one,
Will make us feel, he hath the power

To break the pleasant interchange
Of all our tender bosom thoughts—
The smile, the look, the fond caress,
The treasures of our present love.

All, all that we have hoped and felt,
Known to have been, believed to be ;
And trusted to perpetuate,
Hath to this issue come at last.

'Tis thus that one brief moment proves,
 Proves oft the chiefest point of life,
 To which its brightest rays attend,
 And whence returnless they diverge.

Condensed into this narrow space,
 The luxury of days all spent ;
 Still, still to this the mind shall turn,
 In darker change of days to come.

Life is a fair and fragrant flower,
 Reared from the seed, the soil of death ;
 'Tis fitted for an angel's lips,
 Though destined for the grave-worm's spoil.

And love is like the rose leaf's blush,
 Which fades far earlier than the form,
 On which its hues have been impressed,
 Where they can never long endure.

The hope of change, the fear of change,
 Are life's essential elements ;
 The hope of something better still,
 The dread reverse of what is worse.

Joy knoweth not a lasting stay,
It is a transient visitor ;
Where many under-passions are,
To fright it from a dwelling place.

But memory cherishes its form,
In the still chambers of the breast ;
And smiles whene'er it welcomes back,
So sweet a messenger of peace.

In all the waste of hours and years,
Though seemingly most profitless,
There's something that the heart reserves,
To soothe, to recompense, to bless.

THE BUGLOSS.

The Bugloss (*Lycopsis*) is supposed to be the Nepenthe of the Ancients, which, when infused in wine, was thought to be effectual in removing sadness and care. It is a common, but beautiful flower, and is found in every part of our country.

AN, if our cares thou couldst subdue,
Or teach us to resign;
We'd pluck thy tufts of crested blue,
And steep them in the wine,
Or sip the morning's scented dew,
From bossy cups of thine.

We'd twine thy garlands in our hair,
And bind them on our breast;
And long their fragrance should they bear,
The sweetest, happiest,
And prouder make the brows that wear,
Than if with laurels dressed.

We'd search the meads at early morn,
And visit them at eve;

And for the wretched and forlorn,
The charmed wreath would weave,
Nor eye of pride, nor lip of scorn,
Should e'er the bosom grieve.

Oh, might there be some power to guide,
Some secret charm to bless :
Some bright flower blooming in its pride,
We fondly might caress,
We'd lay it thornless on our side,
The balm of happiness.

ECHO TO A PAINTER.

[Translated from the Epigrams of Ausonius.]

WHY, painter, wouldst thou paint me, why?
The child of air and speech am I:
No form or feature canst thou find,
To trace my voice without a mind—
The words I catch are sport for me,
I sport with them, as now with thee;
My dwelling in the ear is found,
If thou wouldst paint me, paint a sound.

LESBIA.

[Translated from Ausonius.]

THE Graces were in number three,
Till Lesbia made them four;
But to their number they return,
My Lesbia is no more.

LAIS PRESENTING HER MIRROR
TO VENUS.

[From the Same.]

DEAR goddess take this looking-glass,
No more shall it be mine ;
It suits thy fair, unfading looks,
And beauty such as thine.

What I have been in earlier days,
It will not show to me ;
And what I am, I would not know,
And will not longer see.

TO THE MUSQUITOES.

YE flee, ye varlets, aff as soon
As comes the braw October moon,
And autumn winds are blawin' ;
Ye gang into your wintry cells,
And stap your bugle clangin' spells,
Ere frost is white upon the dells,
Or comes the chilly snawin'.

If Moses once again should stand,
To thraw his plagues on Egypt's land,
For chaps that hate the word ;
I'm thinkin', ye wad be the thing,
That neist on Pharaoh he should bring,
His host into confusion fling,
And mak 'em luve the Lord.

When ye were thrangin' by the dizin,
 And sporting round in merry bizzin',
 I lay awake to hear ye;
 And drowsily my ee was blinkin',
 And sleepless a' the lids were winkin',
 I tried your little wings the clinkin',
 But never could come near ye.

Ye think it is baith sweet and gude
 To tak a feast o' rosy bluid,
 When plunging in our veins;
 But frisking on your linkin-wing,
 When aff again ye glutted spring,
 Ye rede na o' the piercing sting,
 That sairly lang remains.

I doubt na if ye will be comin'
 To spend the nights in sangs and hummin',
 Like feckless anes of Roland;
 Our new inventions will not fail,
 We'll put some powther on your tail,
 Or gar ye aff wi' donsie sail,
 To a' the dykes o' Holland.

TO AN ABSENT SISTER.

WHEN we this painful truth have proved,
That all who love, are not beloved ;
And often have been forced to deem
That friendship is but cold esteem,

And when the hearts we sought to gain,
Have caused us less of joy, than pain,
And one by one, we've broke the ties,
Which added to our agonies,

'Tis consolation then to see
Some cheering proof of constancy—
Some faithful bosom we have tried,
In whose warm love we may confide.

And if of all our hopes bereft
But this, we find *this* refuge left,

We'll smile on friendship's severed chain,
And cast it from us with disdain.

Perhaps for me, some heart may beat,
And yield a love, both pure and sweet ;
But yet I fear, it will not be
As lasting, as thy love for me.

THE GRAVE.

My heart is a' for sorrow made,
It loes the tomb-stane's twilight shade,
When in my lanely grief, I'm weepin'
Aboon the banes o' the lowly sleepin'.

Here, bonny birds have been to-day
To sing, and then to fly away ;
I would I had their joyfu' wing,
Their blythe and tentless heart to sing.

I would my warm bluid could flow on,
As gayfu' as in times a' gone—,
But winter's cauld and chilling blast,
Has o'er my life's red currents passed.

The saut tear often in my ee,
Has taen its brightness a' fra' me,

Na mair, will e'er its flowing cease,
Or yield the painfu' bosom peace.

O, ask ye why my tears sud flow ?
It is a mother sleeps below ;
For smiles that to her bairn she gave,
These tear-drops drip aboon her grave.

THE CLOSE OF SUMMER:

AND are they gone, the summer birds, which sported on
the spray?

And do their light, their fluttering wings, rush swiftly
from decay?

Aye, though they sing among the boughs, when all is
bright and green,

They shun them when the ruin comes, in its revolting
mien.

The forest trees are beautiful, when golden bright and
brown,

Ere yet the loose and trembling leaves, are shook and
trampled down,

But fade they in their dying hour, though lovely to the
last,

And smile upon the blighting form, that comes in
autumn's blast.

The flowing stream, its nurturing breath to all their
foliage gave,

But now the crisped and faded leaf, lies floating on the
wave,

Or if it drink the morning dew, when mouldering on the
earth,

No dew or water can restore the freshness of its birth.

Oh, seek not now the meadow-sweet,* which cometh in
its pride,

Nor crobanche, nor violet, that bloometh by its side,

Amid its rocks, the saxifrage no longer may be found,

But its shrivelled leaves, lie scattered upon the barren
ground.

Yet verdant is the sheltered hill, and grassy is the lawn,
And down its slope of feathery fern, the brook is mur-
muring on.

The endive and hypericum yet loitering blossoms yield,
And asters, like the stars of Hope, are lingering in the field.

* *Spirea Trifoliata*.

Though all of earth is fading fast, yet lovelier grow the
skies,

And richer at the close of day, are the evening's purple
dyes:

And 'tis to the heavens that we turn, enduring ever-
more,

Rejoiced to find them in our gloom, still brighter than
before.

THE EYES AND THE HEART.

THE eyes with certain truth express
Our anguish and our happiness—
Leagued with the heart, like it, they show
Our sense of joy, our sense of wo;
But *they* must weep of tears, a flood,
And oh, the heart is drenched with blood!

“I SAID I WOULD NOT SIGH
AGAIN.”

I SAID I would not sigh again,
But be each coming morrow
As happy as the hours are long,
And free from every sorrow.

But when the simple vow I made,
I knew not what it meant ;
Nor thought 'twould be beyond my power,
To keep that covenant.

When every face shall show a smile,
When it shall chance to meet you ;
And all your friends shall be sincere,
When cordially they greet you ;

When Fortune brings her gifts of gold,
And Care shall fly away ;

And you shall wear no doubtful looks
Even on a cloudy day ;

When every wish shall be fulfilled,
And nothing come to pain you ;
And lovers love you not too much,
Nor any one disdain you ;

As long as virtue cannot claim
Her just reward of merit ;
And though displaced by low intrigue,
You see her calmly bear it ;

And you can stifle every sense,
Which ministers to feeling ;
And cause another's biting wo,
To make you no appealing ;

And when your judgment is not shocked,
If Folly is deriding ;
And none through interest shall abuse
The heart that is confiding ;

When Falsehood shall be turned to Truth,
So that you may believe her ;

And Envy nurse no secret hate,
The knave be no deceiver ;

When all the hearts of all mankind,
To kindness shall be given ;
And Truth and Justice shall return
From whence they have been driven ;

When you shall see these miracles,
Or work them, if by trying :
Then may you be a happy man,
And have no cause for sighing.

FEAR AND HOPE.

WHEN first the human heart was made,
It beat in quiet, till
A host of Passions came and prayed,
To rule it at their will.

They dared to seize upon the breast,
And each would rule alone :
Though Providence conceived it best,
That none should fill the throne.

But two there were by Him decreed,
A mutual part to play ;
Thus Fear and Hope, they take the lead,
And hold alternate sway.

THE WANDERER.

WILT thou watch the white sail, as it swells to the wind,
When the ship bounds over the sea ?
Wilt thou think of the joy I've forsaken behind,
The light of the blessed for me ?

The tears I shall weep in the fountains below,
Will be lost in the blue ocean's brine ;
For these lone, dreary waters, as o'er them I go,
Will but sport with such sorrow as mine.

There, the sea bird is lonely, he sings us no song,
His dirge is the night-wind's low hum :
And in soft sullen murmurs, the waves move along,
They sigh for the tempest to come.

It will come when the spirit walks forth on the deep,
When the breath from his nostrils is blown,

Then the wild raging whirlwind shall ruthlessly sweep,
And ruin respond to its moan.

When the loud voice of thunder shall fearlessly speak,
The clouds in its pathway it rends:
In her cave of rose coral, the mermaid will shriek,
When she hears the loud echo it sends.

But the danger, the ruin, the storm-tide, we dare,
For the love which our bosom upholds ;
The banner which shields us, floats it not on the air,
And are not the stars in its folds ?

Though stout is the heart and strong is its nerve,
It feels a deep throbbing of pain ;
When Reason has spoken, and we may not e'er swerve
Back to its sweet blisses again.

'Tis a dreary waste empire, the cloud-girted sea,
With her diadem spangled with foam ;
In all its deep lowliness, 'tis fitted to be,
The wanderer's pitiless home.

THE HERALD OF WINTER.

THE earth is all stript of its red and its green,
And its bright rich foliage no longer is seen ;
It is withered and sere, though it shone in its pride,
And hath known what the touch of decay doth betide.
The bird and the blossom have been chilled by my breath,
And have shrunk as it were from the smiting of death.

The fields are untilled and the husbandman is gone,
And the ploughboy sings not his sweet carol at dawn ;
The hoar frost at morning, has been white on the hill,
And the waters have deepened in the lone woodland rill,
And my pathway is clear, and I am come to bestow,
The stores of my ice, and my treasures of snow.

Let the mariner watch who goes forth on the deep,
Where the fierce storm spirits their wild revel keep :

Let him watch for the tempest that slumbers at hand,
It shall rise from the sea, it shall spring from the land,
When it pours out its wrath on the white foaming wave,
He will call on the God of the whirlwinds to save.

Ye marked the bright bloom ere the fruit was yet grown,
And saw the green fields by the reaper unmown;
But the fruit has been ripe, and the harvest is past,
They were seasons of hope, and they could not long last;
And the winter is come, and the warning is given,
Can this waste of cold earth be the likeness of heaven?

U N H A P P I N E S S .

THE blackest clouds away will roll,
Or weep in floods of rain ;
But oh, the darkness of the soul,
Unchanging must remain.

It knows no sun of kindling light,
Whose constant beam it wins ;
And when our *highest* joy concludes,
Our *deepest* wo begins.

ISABEL.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may.

CUPID'S PASTIME.

HASTE, quickly bring my noble steed,
And rein him for his fleetest speed :
Swift as my warm, warm thoughts I'll flee
To thee, my gentle love, to thee,
And all my doubting fears dispel,
My own, my own sweet Isabel.

I see each lovely beaming grace,
In brightness flashing o'er thy face ;
And it recalls the moments, when
I first felt, what I feel again—
The thrilling sense of beauty's spell,
I learnt from thee, my Isabel.

Away, away, oh, let me flee,
And bear my heart, my soul to thee ;
For these, and all I have, are thine,
And heaven and thee alone are mine ;
With thee my love, with thee to dwell,
Is bliss, pure bliss, my Isabel.

EASE OF MANNERS.

HE has no thought to please, but pleases all,
Without a boon they give him their esteem,
And with his carelessness they are in love;
He is forsooth, the model of all grace,
And counts admirers like a looking-glass.
And when with air of most important speech,
He talks of fashion and of idle things;
His tongue is mounted upon polished wheels,
And far outstrips my dull philosophy—
What! I have studied all the lore of science,
And in much secret learning am I skilled,
But here I sit, propped up by awkward stays,
As useless as a lamp in broad day-time—
I'll have no more of books, or globes, or maps,
In mere abstraction will no longer live,
And without study, study how to please.

“VENI, VIDI, NON VICI.”

(An Epigram to a Lady.)

I came, I saw, it was enough—

I nothing more could do ;

I knelt a captive at your feet,

The conqueror were you.

FORTUNE AND FOLLY CONTENDING
AGAINST VIRTUE AND WISDOM.

WHEN in the days of classic Greece,
Her games proclaimed the songs of peace,
And nations warred and wrangled, till
They met to try their strength and skill ;
Upon the lists to fame endeared,
Four novel champions there appeared,
And when their names were read aloud,
It raised the wonder of the crowd,
And as surprised they gazed the while,
It drew from every face a smile.

Say, would you venture to suppose
From what this strange amazement rose ;
Or think, the sight which met their view,
Has not been often seen by you ?

The honest truth, I'm sure you'll own,
Soon as the mystery you have known.

Fortune and Folly on one side,
Wisdom and Virtue, both defied—
And though, as if for very life,
They joined the issue of the strife,
Yet all believed, (as it were meet,)
They both would suffer quick defeat.
But Virtue, timorous was and shy,
And Wisdom paused for scrutiny;
Whilst Fortune, being very blind,
At random struck, before, behind,
And joined by Folly, rash and bold,
Their every blow, like thunder told;
Thus speedily they end the fight,
And put their cautious foes to flight.*

* The idea of this piece was suggested from seeing the incident, which it relates, mentioned in Burton's *Anat. Melanchol.*

L' A M O U R.

"Ficum voco ficum, et ligonem, ligonem."

THOUGH belles and beaux, in verse and prose,
 Make love a thing ideal;
I am inclined to keep my mind,
 And think it something real,
I'm sure its something real.

The heart that aches, till it almost breaks,
 The soul that sighs for me;
When a smile will heal, what lovers feel,
 'Tis just as love should be,
And give that love to me.

He that's grum, or a tongue that's dumb,
 Is nothing worth to me;
But a voice that's sweet, when lovers meet,
 'Tis as the voice should be,
And let it speak to me.

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

WE bade adieu, when the fair wind blew,
And tears were falling free;
For tranquil seas, and a homeward breeze,
How bright our eyes will be!

Kind gales prevail, and speed the sail,
Swift o'er the azure main;
With a swifter wing, may ye safely bring,
Her homeward back again.

The honest tar, who sails afar,
Will think, when on the sea;
That winds ahead, which others dread,
Will waft his sighs to me.

But a heart more true, he never knew,
Which feels those sighs alone—

When the fair wind blows, and the proud ship goes,
I'll send him back my own.

From his sea-girt skies, his fancy flies,
His thoughts ahome incline :
May the bosom be, of the heaving sea,
As safe and true as mine !

TIME AND LOVE.

As Time and Love, each other met,
Upon a rainy day ;
With nought to do, their wings all wet,
They talked along the way.

They diverse were, in size and looks,
As e'er two beings were ;
Time hoary with the snows of age,
But Love was fresh and fair.

Quoth Time, " I see not how it is,
That I am thus forlorn ;
I think that thou cam'st in the world,
Just after I was born."

"'Tis true indeed," sweet Love replied,
 "I was the next on earth ;
 But every hour that I have lived,
 I have renewed my birth.

"That truth," rejoined the God of years,
 "Need scarcely to be told ;
 For I have seen in all the world,
 But little love that's old."

"My fickle sway," returned the boy,
 "Never, never deride :
 For very few there are, with thee,
 That long are satisfied."

"'Tis true, 'tis true, my little swain,
 Few comprehend our use ;
 For all mankind united are,
 To load us with abuse.

"But yonder breaks the ruling Sun,
 Whose sceptre I obey ;
 Behind his blazing car I go,
 And haste, I must away."

"Adieu, adieu," then Cupid spake,

"But think what thou hast said ;

Though thou *wert* born before I was,

I'll live when thou art dead.

"But now a boon, I crave of thee,

By all the powers above ;

That thou wouldst grant to man and maid,

All, time enough to love."

YOUTH AND AGE.

A youth to small reflection given,
At last was to reflection driven ;
His form and features he surveyed,
And grieved to find them much decayed,
And felt, what many a pang had cost,
The worst of all, his health was lost.
He sighed, ah, deeply sighed, to see
He was not as he used to be—
The spring of his young days was gone,
And life had put its autumn on,
The thought, his soul could not endure,
The yellow leaf was premature.
As from his bosom burst the sigh,
It chanced that Age was passing by.
“My son,” observed the hoary sage,
“Some painful thoughts thy mind engage :

Behold my years ! Can I impart
A cordial to thy wounded heart ?"
The youth surveyed his aged mien,
And stern remorse gave vent to spleen—
"I loathe thee as the worst of foes,
Thou art the author of my woes."
"'Tis false"—the veteran calmly said,
"*Thyself* hast brought them on thy head,
Misguided, thoughtless, and betrayed,
The wrongs you feel, are all self made,
To vice, voluptuousness, and ease,
Ascribe alone thy injuries—
But are you willing to restore,
And keep, what you possessed before ?
Learn then, herein the secret lies,
Be virtuous, temperate, and wise."

ISNARDIA PALUSTRIS.

THE forest bee hath long been forth,
To toil and sport beneath the summer sun,
And "make his boot upon the velvet buds ;"
Where are the flowers which met him in his flight,
Winning their lover from his busy home,
To yield him their sweet breath ere they should die?
The twisted staff weed, and the mountain ash,
With blushing berries, now are crowned once more :
The staphyle, with lithe and striped stem,
Hangs out its green balloons unto the wind—
It is the autumn wind, frosty and cool ;
But still the harebell on the craggy rocks,
The pale chelone, and the tawny flax,*
In blossom glow, although the woodlands fade,

* *Antirrhinum.*

And thou, the loveliest of the sister-band,
Fair Isnardia, and sweetest of them all,
'Tis joy to me to court thy lonely haunts,
And kiss the down upon thy purple lip—
Fitter, ah, fitter far, hadst thou been nursed
By genial Spring's most soft and pleasant breath,
And fated not like me, to feel the blasts
That blow too ruthless on a tender cheek.
Dear flower, I love thee, that thou dost recall
The thoughts of *one*, once lovely as thou art,
And gentle in her most attractive grace,
But doomed, like thee, too early far, to know
The unrelenting touch of quick decay.
Come, sweet, I will transplant thee on her tomb,
That they, who mark thy modest form, may say,
How Beauty oft companioned is with Death!

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

FRIENDSHIP and Love once, hand in hand,
Upon a couch did lie ;
And whilst they bravely talked and laughed,
A lovely maid passed by.

When Love beheld her brilliant eyes,
His silver bow he drew :
And Friendship seized his silken cord,
And he was ready too.

Says Love, I'll shoot my arrow first,
The wound will serve to blind her :
Then *you* may come to play your part,
And easily may bind her.

But Friendship thought it would be best,
That Love should make delay ;

'Twere time enough for *him* to act,
When *he* had tried the way.

Thus these two ancient friends fell out ;
And while they bruted on,
The charming maid, with sweet bright eyes,
Beyond their reach had gone.

Unto the throne of Justice then,
They speedily depart ;
To learn which was entitled *first*,
To claim a lady's heart.

The answer of the reverend judge
Was just, as you might deem ;
He told them that they both should wait,
And come *after* Esteem.

THE WORLD.

'TWAS told me in my younger days,
The world was all deceiving ;
And often have I blamed the heart,
That long was unbelieving.

The fault was mine, and not the world's—
I will not then reprove it ;
I knew it gave me cause enough,
Why I should never love it.

The kindly feelings I indulged,
It urged me to efface them ;
And much I fear, it will be long,
If e'er it doth replace them.

But those I have received in stead,
Will last perhaps the longer ;

For though they are not half so fair,
Yet ten times are they stronger.

Then go, thou world, I heed thee not,
Thou'st made me something wiser ;
Thou art a mother who loves best,
The children who despise her.

NUBES MAGELLANÆ.

The Magellanic clouds are seen in the vicinity of the South Pole. They are three in number: two of them of a whitish appearance, and the other is somewhat obscure. Sailors designate them as being two white and one black, and say that they are the clouds which conducted the Children of Israel out of the land of Egypt. We have chosen to speak of all of them as opacities in the Heavens. Magellan, the famous Portuguese navigator, perished at one of the Philippine Islands, in 1521, in a skirmish with the natives.

(WRITTEN AT SEA.)

As often as the eve returns,
 Begemmed with sparkling lights on high,
I view ye in your silent spheres,
 Ye lonely prisoners of the sky.

Why take ye not your fleecy wings,
 And fly away all unconfined ;
The swift inhabitants of space,
 And playthings of the sportive wind ?

Amid a throng of lovely orbs,
 The southern Cross is beaming bright ;
 But from their soft and blending rays,
 Ye catch no silver shade of light.

Move darkly on—move darkly on,
 Unchanged, unchanging ever be ;
 Though no effulgent gleams are thine,
 It alters not thy destiny.

'Tis fitter that ye stay the same,
 Your sombre, sable livery wear ;
 In mourning for *his* hapless doom,
 The symbols of whose fate ye are.

Ye benefactors of mankind,
 Who rest with all your toils content ;
 Who merit much, at last to find
 Your chief reward, a monument—

Why should ye seek for idle fame,
 Or court its false applauding breath ;
 Or be the masters of the world,
 To win but want, and chains and death ?

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